

The Tragedie of Hamlet

You must not put another scandall on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently
That they may seeme the taints of liberry,
The flash and out-breake of a fiery mind;
A sauagenes in vnreclaimed blood,
Of generall assault.

Rey. But my good Lord.

Pol. Wherefor should you doe this?

Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marry sir, heer's my drift,

And I beleue it is a fetch of wit,
You laying these slight sullies on my sonne
As 'twere a thing a little soyld with working,
Marke you, your party in conuerse, him you would sound
Hauing euer scene in the prenominat crimes
The youth you breath of guilty, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence,
Good sir, (or so,) or friend, or Gentleman,
According to the phrase, or the addition
Of man and country.

Rey. Very good my Lord.

Pol. And then sir doos a this, a doos: what was I about to say?
By the masse I was about to say something,
Where did I leaue?

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marry,
He closes thus, I know the Gentleman
I saw him yesterday, or th' other day.
Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say,
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowse,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I saw him enter such or such a house of sale,
Videlizet, a brothell, or so forth, see you now,
Your bait of falshood: take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wisdom, and of reach,
With windleses: and with assaies of bias,
By indirects find directions out,
So by my former lecture and aduise

Shall

Prince of Denmarke.

Shall you my sonne; you haue me, haue you not?

Rey. My Lord, I haue.

Pol. God buy yee, far yee well.

Rey. Good my Lord.

Pol. Obserue his inclination in your selfe.

Rey. I shall my Lord,

Pol. And let him ply his musique.

Rey. Well my Lord.

Exit Rey.

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farwell. How now *Ophelia*, whats the matter?

Ophe. O my Lord, my Lord, I haue beene so affrighted,

Pol. With what i'th name of God?

Ophe. My Lord, as I was sowing in my closset,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his stockins fouled,
Vngartred, and downe gyred to his ankle,
Pale as his shirr, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke so pittious in purport
As if he had beene loosed out of hell
To speake of horrors, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy loue?

Ophe. My Lord I do not know,
But truly I doe feare it.

Pol. What said he?

Ophe. He tooke me by the wrist, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arme,
And with his other hand thus ore his brow,
He falls to such perusall of my face
As a would draw it; long stayd he so,
At last, a little shaking of mine arme,
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe,
He raised a sigh so pittious and profound,
As it did seeme to shatter all his bulke,
And end his being; that done, he lets me go,
And with his head over his shoulders turn'd
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes,
For out a doores he went without their helps,
And to the last bended their light on me.

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Pol.